

The Whistle

On a small isolated farm in South Carolina an old woman lived alone with her dog. One night, as she was going about her chores, she became aware of an odd whistling sound somewhere outside. It did not sound like high wind in the pines, noises of nature, or a human whistle. It was very strange. Curious, she went to the farmhouse door. As she did, she noticed that her small terrier was barking and howling on the back porch. This porch, which was enclosed, made a dark and snug haven for the pup.

She opened the door. The wavering and high-pitched whistle seemed to be coming towards the house from across the hills, yet it was as hard to locate as the chirp of a cricket. It must be some of the local youngsters trying to frighten her, she thought, but she shut and bolted the door and hastily got her late husband's revolver - just in case. She returned to the door to await whatever might be going to happen next. She left the dog on the back porch. If it were just pranksters his barking would frighten them away.

The whistle came nearer, although the old woman could see nothing. Then it seemed to turn, pass slowly around the house and approach the porch, where the now hysterical terrier was almost beside himself with excitement.

Soon there was a terrific outcry and sounds of struggle on the back porch. Then silence - as complete as it was terrifying. The lady, alone in the stillness, shook with fright. She did not dare go out onto the porch. Eventually she went to bed.

The next morning she investigated. The dog was gone, and blood was spattered all about. What had taken place? The whistle had stopped when the struggle began. But what was it that had caused the blood shed? What happened to the little terrier? Nobody ever found out.